

July 27, 1918.

My Darling:

It is raining hard but I don't care a bit as I am very warm, dry and comfortable in the tent. Last night was a wonderful night to sleep and I most certainly took advantage of it. I wasn't disturbed all night long and as a result I got a lot of sleep for I went to bed early. I am on duty now but have nothing to do as I have finished all dressings etc. At one o'clock I go off duty and on reserve, and at eight tonight I go on for all night. Tomorrow I am off all day and we are all going to the hotel for dinner.

News from the front still continues to be excellent, showing that the Germans are still retreating, pursued by the French and Americans, and also that the British are beginning to warm them up a little. Well, I hope it keeps merrily on. The more the merrier, and the more quickly we will get out of here on our way home. That is going to make me sore! How about, you dear?

Mums just came in and started to write



too, so we present quite an industrious appearance at present. We are having a lot of fun now planning our winter quarters. I think I told you in a letter the other day what they would be like. Work on them begins Monday. Pretty nice isn't it? We will have the best quarters of any body in the camp.

Major Syle is leaving us. He has orders permanently detaching him from this unit and we won't see him again. I am glad he recommended me for promotion before he left as otherwise it would have been a long time coming. Now the sun is out and it is perfectly beautiful. Although I have often said that when I once get out of France I never want to see it again, it will be worth while sometime for us to travel back over this country so you can see how beautiful Lorraine is. Still, I don't think it compares with many



parts of our country that I have seen  
and I guess we won't come after all.  
I'll be satisfied to stay away when I  
once get away.

Across the valley the troops are at  
practice with hand grenades and the  
clatter and crash of explosions is very  
nearly constant. They make as much  
noise as the French "Soixante-quize"  
so you can imagine what it sounds like  
at present. There are just four days  
more of July. A year ago I was in  
Missouri, and receiving letters from  
you that worried me to death. How  
much different the tone of them is  
now dearest, since you have fully  
realized that I am in this because I  
have to be instead of because I want  
to be. I am so proud of you, my  
dear, brave little girl, that I can't  
begin to tell you. I think you are



perfectly wonderful, and it is the spirit that you show which is doing more and will do more to help our country win this war, than any other one thing. Without it, we over here would be absolutely helpless.

How are my dear kiddies? Give little Marie and Bub my dear love and a great big kiss, and tell them not to forget their Daddy. Same to Ted. I love you my sweetheart, with all my heart and soul, and send you all my love and millions of kisses. I will write more tomorrow. I love you.

Daddy.

1st Lt. Axel B. Smith U.S.A.